



MOVIE
SPECIAL

1 US \$2.95
CAN \$3.50
1992

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

STAR TREK[®]

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY[™]



STAR TREK

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

Story by Nicholas Meyer & Leonard Nimoy

Screenplay by Nicholas Meyer & Denny Martin Flinn

Executive Producer Leonard Nimoy

Producer Ralph Winter

Director Nicholas Meyer

THE COMICS ADAPTATION

Written by Peter David

Pencilled by Gordon Purcell

Inked by Arne Starr

Colored by Tom McCraw

Lettered by Bob Pinaha

Edited by Robert Greenberger

BASED ON STAR TREK® CREATED BY GENE RODDENBERRY

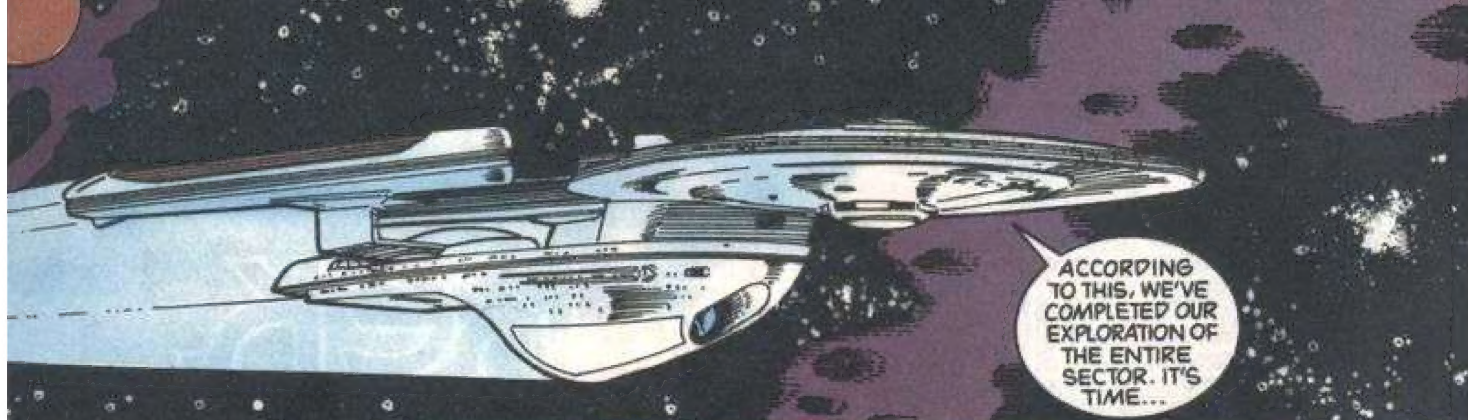
STAR TREK VI: THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY published by DC Comics Inc., 1325 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019 under exclusive license from Paramount Pictures Corporation. STAR TREK art and text material Copyright © 1991 Paramount Pictures Corporation. All Rights Reserved. STAR TREK is a registered Trademark of Paramount Pictures Corporation. DC Comics Authorized User. All other material Copyright © 1991 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved. The story, characters and incidents mentioned in this book are entirely fictional. First printing.

Printed in Canada. DC Comics Inc., a Warner Bros. Inc. Company

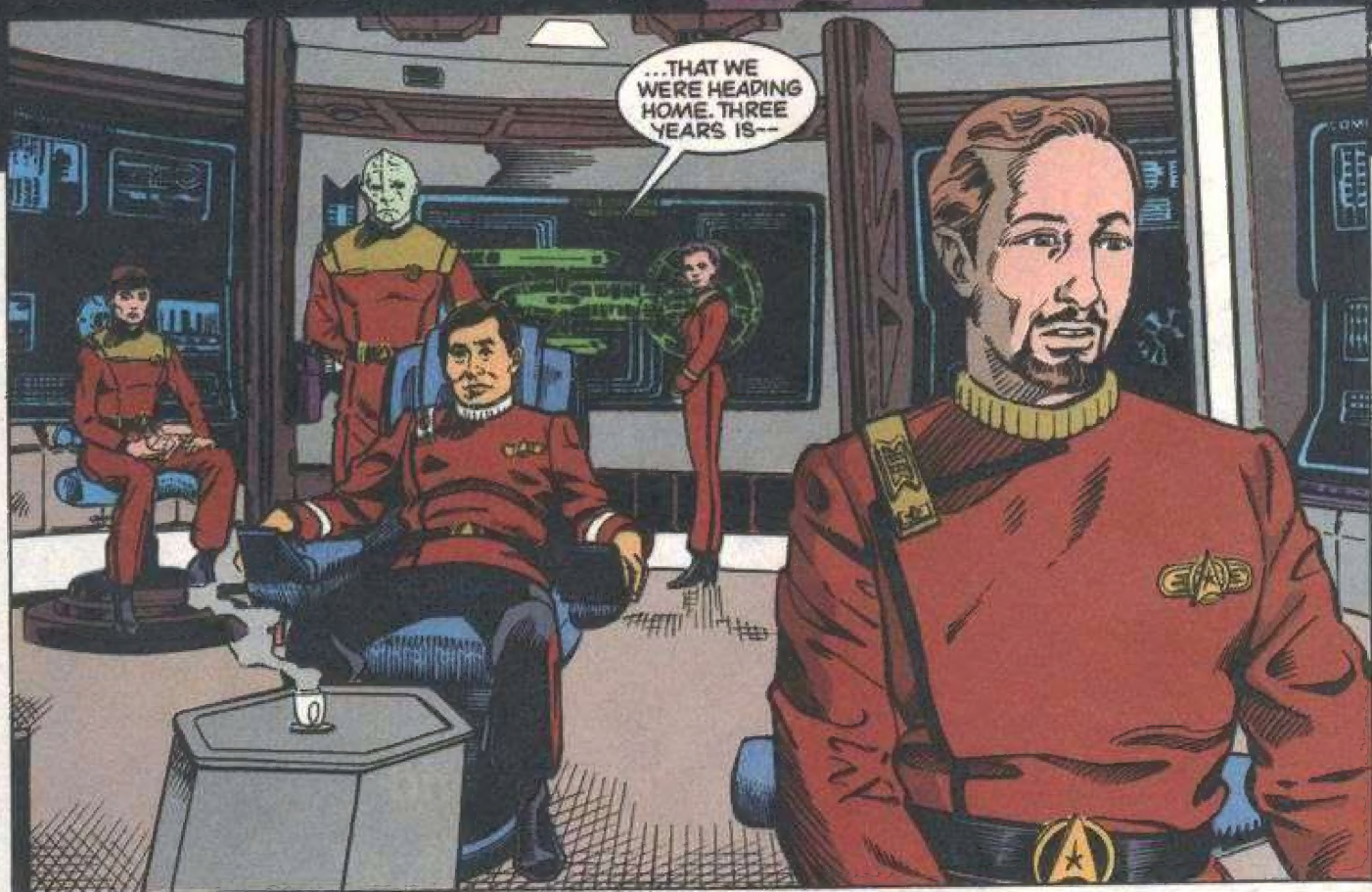
Cover Illustration by Jerome Moore

Publication design by Veronica Carlin

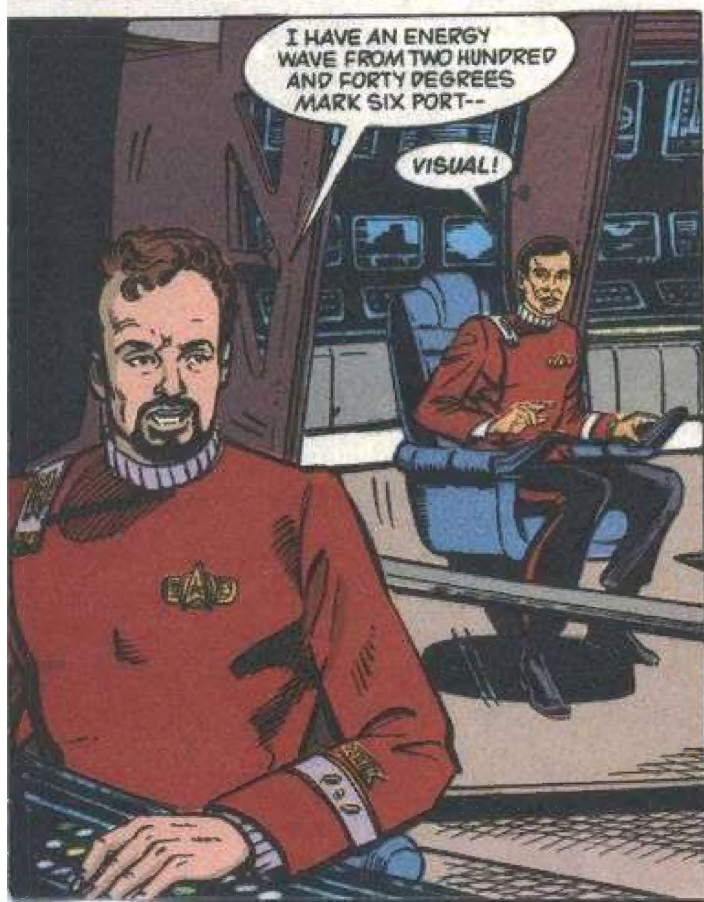
This work is dedicated to the spirit and memory of Gene Roddenberry.



ACCORDING TO THIS, WE'VE COMPLETED OUR EXPLORATION OF THE ENTIRE SECTOR. IT'S TIME...



...THAT WE WERE HEADING HOME. THREE YEARS IS--



I HAVE AN ENERGY WAVE FROM TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY DEGREES MARK SIX PORT--

VISUAL!



MY GOD! SHIELDS!



--ESSENTIAL AS
A RESOURCE. PRAXIS
IS THEIR KEY
ENERGY PRODUCTION
FACILITY.

SEND TO KLINGON
HIGH COMMAND: "THIS
IS EXCELSIOR. WE HAVE
MONITORED A LARGE
EXPLOSION IN YOUR
SECTOR. DO YOU REQUIRE
ASSISTANCE?"

CAPTAIN,
I'M GETTING A
MESSAGE FROM
KLINGON HIGH
COMMAND.

ON
SCREEN.



THIS IS AN
EMERGENCY!
WE HAVE
SUFFERED--



THIS IS BRIGADIER
KERLA, SPEAKING
FOR THE HIGH
COMMAND.

THERE HAS BEEN
AN INCIDENT ON
PRAXIS. HOWEVER,
EVERYTHING IS
UNDER CONTROL.
WE HAVE NO NEED
FOR ASSISTANCE.
TRANSMISSION
ENDS NOW.



AN
INCIDENT?!

DO WE
REPORT THIS,
SIR?



ARE YOU
KIDDING?

SEND TO
STARFLEET
COMMAND...

"PERSONAL LOG OF JAMES T. KIRK, STARDATE 8679.301: THE COMMAND CREW OF THE ENTERPRISE--SCHEDULED FOR RETIREMENT IN THREE MONTHS--HAS BEEN UNEXPECTEDLY SUMMONED TO STARFLEET HEAD-QUARTERS, TO BE PART OF A BRIEFING THAT THE GRAPEVINE CHARACTERIZES AS "IMPORTANT TO THE FUTURE OF THE GALAXY." CONSIDERING THE RANK AND STATURE OF THE OTHER CONFEREES, WE APPARENTLY HAVE MADE THE "A" LIST OF INVOLVED PERSONNEL.

TO BOLDLY GO...

"MY ONE REGRET IS THAT MR. SPOCK IS ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT ON VULCAN, AND WILL NOT BE WITH US. I HAVE COME TO RELY ON HIS WISE COUNSEL FAR MORE THAN I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT, AND WISH THAT HE WERE HERE..."

I'LL MAKE THIS AS SIMPLE AS POSSIBLE. THE KLINGON EMPIRE HAS ROUGHLY FIFTY YEARS OF LIFE LEFT TO IT.

FOR FULL DETAILS, I AM TURNING THIS BRIEFING OVER TO OUR SPECIAL FEDERATION ENVOY.

GOOD MORNING.

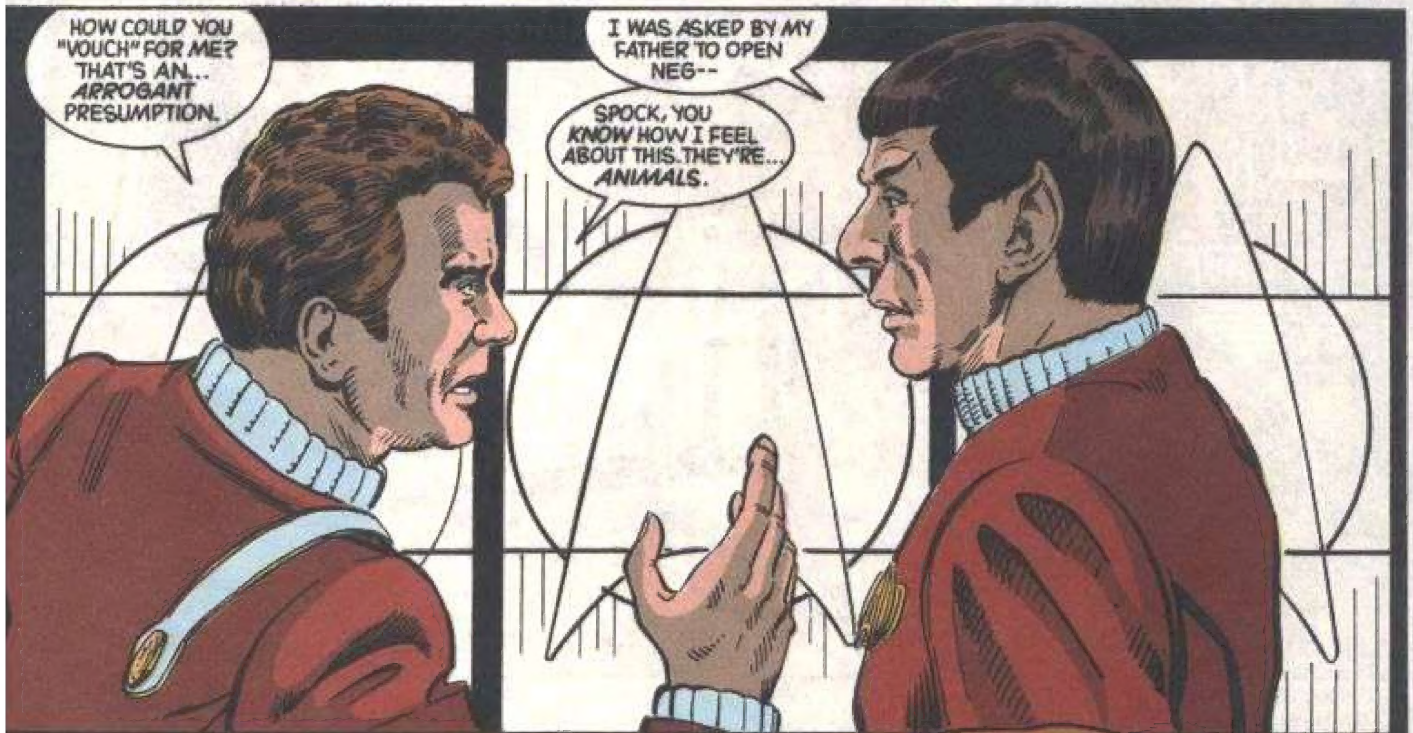
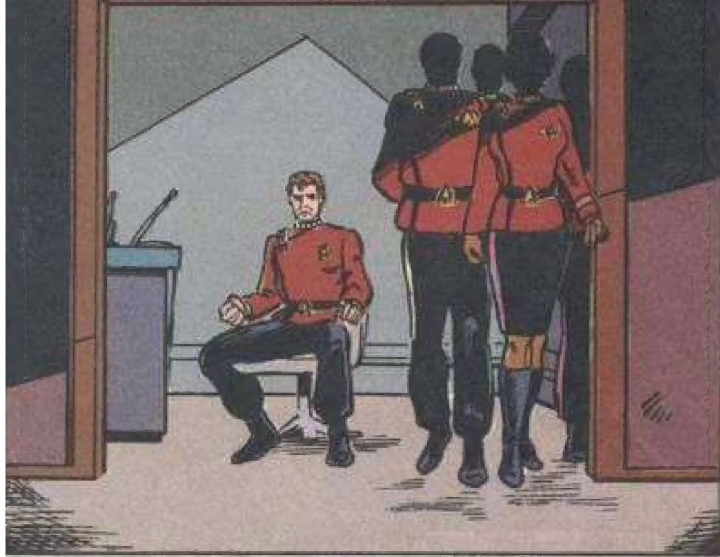
TWO MONTHS AGO, A FEDERATION STARSHIP MONITORED AN EXPLOSION ON THE KLINGON MOON PRAXIS. WE BELIEVE IT WAS CAUSED BY OVERRUNNING AND INSUFFICIENT SAFETY PRECAUTIONS.

THE MOON'S DECIMATION MEANS AN ALMOST EIGHTY PERCENT LOSS OF AVAILABLE ENERGY, AND A DEADLY POLLUTION OF THEIR OZONE. THE KLINGONS DO NOT HAVE THE RESOURCES TO COMBAT THIS CATASTROPHE.

LAST MONTH, AT THE BEHEST OF THE VULCAN AMBASSADOR, I OPENED A DIALOGUE WITH GORKON, CHANCELLOR OF THE KLINGON HIGH COUNCIL. HE PROPOSES TO COMMENCE NEGOTIATIONS AT ONCE.

AN END TO SEVENTY YEARS OF UNREMITTING HOSTILITY, WHICH THE KLINGONS CAN NO LONGER AFFORD.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR WHAT?





CAPTAIN
ON THE
BRIDGE.

AS YOU WERE,
LIEUTENANT--?

VALERIS, SIR. WE WERE
TOLD YOU'D NEED A
HELMSMAN...SO I
VOLUNTEERED.

THE LIEUTENANT
IS THE FIRST VULCAN
TO HAVE GRADUATED
AT THE TOP OF HER
CLASS AT THE
ACADEMY.



CONGRATULATIONS,
LIEUTENANT. YOU
MUST BE VERY
PROUD.

I DON'T
BELIEVE SO,
SIR.

SHE'S A
VULCAN, ALL
RIGHT.




LIEUTENANT,
ONE QUARTER
IMPULSE
POWER.

CAPTAIN, MAY I REMIND
YOU THAT REGULATIONS
SPECIFY THRUSTERS
ONLY WHILE IN
SPACE DOCK?



YOU HEARD
THE ORDER,
LIEUTENANT.



LIEUTENANT, I DON'T CARE IF I'M SENILE! IF I SIT IN THIS CHAIR AND GIVE THE WORD, YOU JUMP!

AYE, SIR.

PLOT A COURSE FOR KRONOS, LIEUTENANT.

KRONOS, SIR?

I'M STILL IN THE CHAIR, LIEUTENANT.

"PERSONAL LOG, STARDATE 8679.319: THEY SAY YOU CAN'T TEACH AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS--AND MAYBE THEY'RE RIGHT. I HAVE NEVER TRUSTED THE KLINGONS, AND I NEVER WILL..."

...I HAVE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FORGIVE THEM FOR THE MURDER OF MY BOY.

SPOCK SAYS THIS COULD BE AN HISTORIC MOMENT AND I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE HIM, BUT HOW ON EARTH CAN HISTORY GET PAST PEOPLE LIKE ME...?

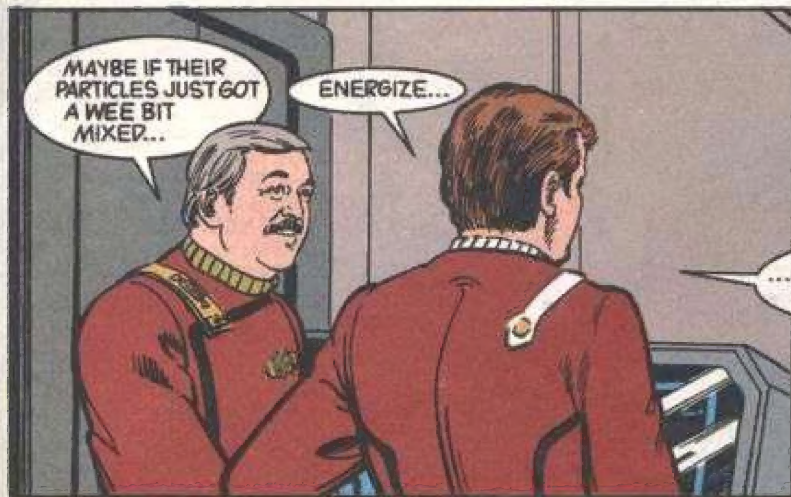
AHHHEMMM...

...SORRY...

COME ON, VALERIS, YOU COULD KNOCK.

WE ARE ALMOST AT THE RENDEZVOUS. I THOUGHT YOU WOULD WANT TO KNOW.









WELL, I
SUPPOSE
WE'RE NOT
PERFECT--

DON'T LET THEM PUT
WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH!
I HAVEN'T SERVED THIRTY
YEARS TO BE ACCUSED
OF GUNBOAT
DIPLOMACY!



IN ANY CASE,
WE KNOW WHERE
THIS IS LEADING:
THE ANNIHILATION
OF OUR CULTURE.
KLINGONS WILL
REPLACE THOSE ON
THE LOWEST RUNG
OF THE FEDERATION
LADDER, TAKING
MENIAL JOBS
FOR LOWER
PAY...

THAT'S
ECONOMICS,
NOT
RACISM...



BUT YOU HAVE TO
ADMIT IT ADDS UP
TO THE SAME
THING.

DON'T BE NAIVE,
COMMANDER--

LEAVE IT TO THE
POLITICIANS TO
MUCK IT UP AND
LEAVE US
DEFENSELESS...

KINDLY DO
NOT PATRONIZE ME,
DOCTOR...



A-HEM!



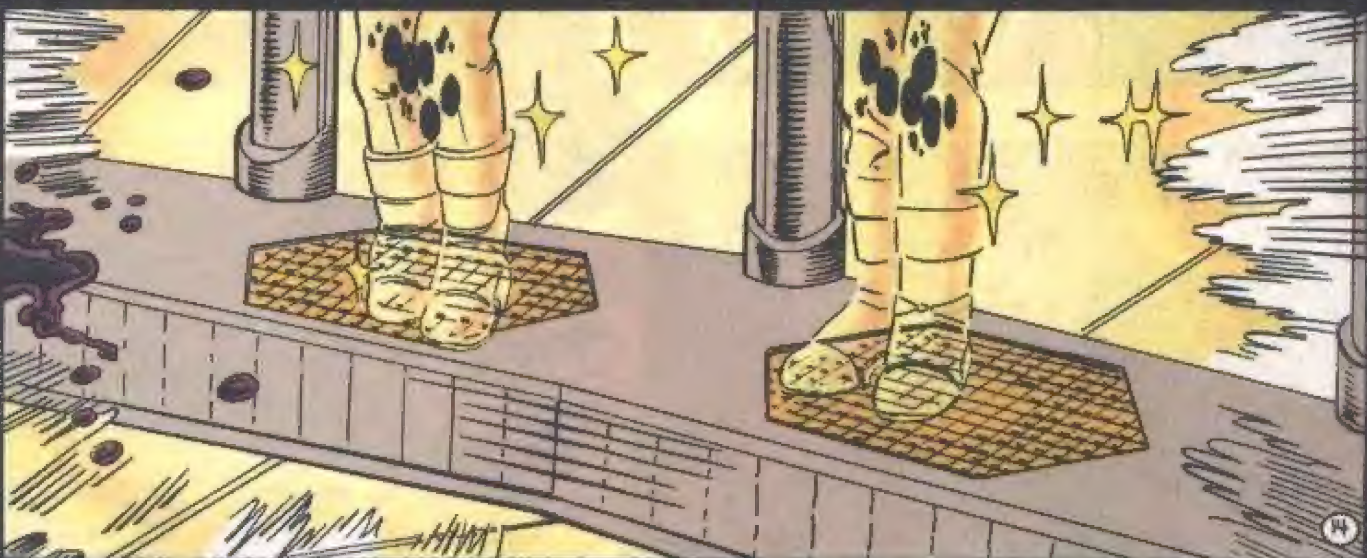
JUST CLEARING MY
THROAT. WELL...

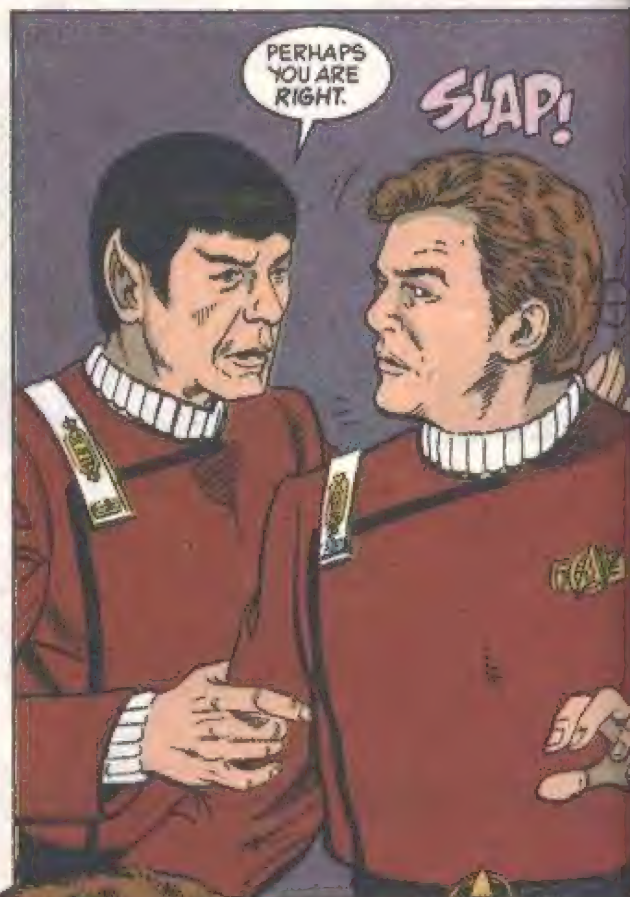
YOU HAVE NEVER EXPERIENCED
SHAKESPEARE UNTIL YOU HAVE READ
HIM IN THE ORIGINAL KLINGON.

...I SEE WE HAVE
A LONG WAY TO GO. CAPTAIN
KIRK, THE EVENING HAS
BEEN MOST...EDIFYING.

WE MUST
DO THIS AGAIN
SOON.











THEY'VE BEEN ARRESTED!

MR. SPOCK,
WE'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST, LIEUTENANT?
OPENING FIRE WON'T RETRIEVE THE
CAPTAIN. AND AN ARMED ENGAGE-
MENT WAS PRECISELY WHAT HE
WISHED TO AVOID.

AT LEAST WE
MUST KEEP TRACK
OF WHERE THEY
WERE TAKEN,
SIR. I--

I HAVE ALREADY
ADDRESSED THAT QUESTION,
MR. SCOTT. WE WILL BE
ABLE TO FOLLOW THE
CAPTAIN'S MOVEMENTS.

HOW DID YOU
ACHIEVE--?



I ASSUME COMMAND OF THIS
SHIP AS OF 0230 HOURS. UHURA,
SEND TO STARFLEET. EXPLAIN
PRECISELY WHAT HAS TAKEN
PLACE AND REQUEST
INSTRUCTIONS.

BUT WE CAN'T
ALLOW THEM TO BE
TAKEN BACK TO
KRONOS AS
PRISONERS!

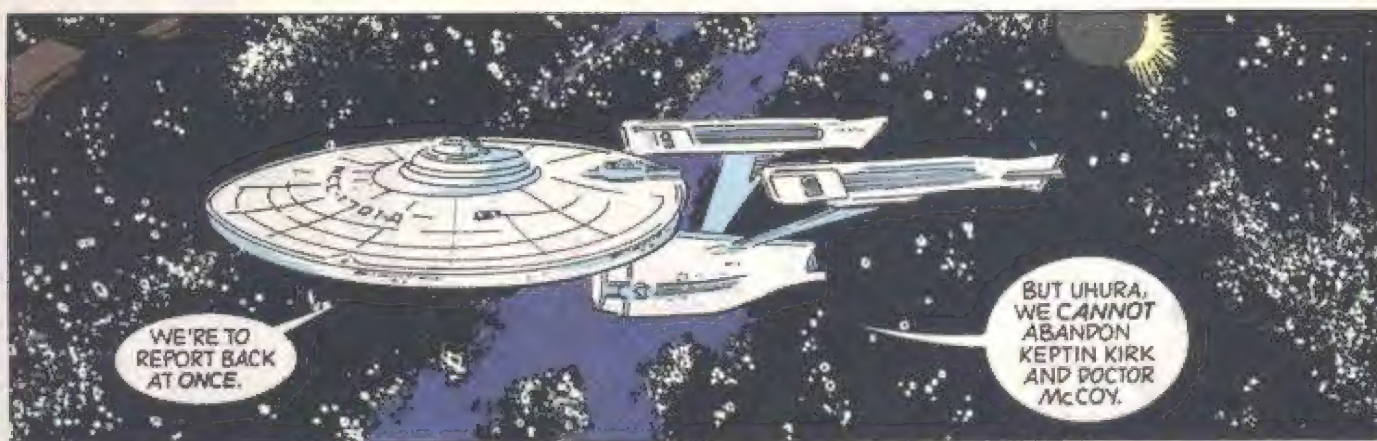
TIME IS PRECIOUS, LIEUTENANT.
WE MUST ENDEAVOR TO PIECE
TOGETHER WHAT HAPPENED
HERE TONIGHT. ACCORDING TO
OUR DATA BANKS, THIS SHIP
FIRED THOSE TORPEDOES.

AND IF WE CAN'T
PIECE TOGETHER WHAT
HAPPENED? WHAT
THEN, SIR?



THEN, MR. CHEKOV,
IT RESIDES IN THE
PURVIEW OF THE
DIPLOMATS.





WE'RE TO
REPORT BACK
AT ONCE.

BUT UHURA,
WE CANNOT
ABANDON
KEPTIN KIRK
AND DOCTOR
MCCOY.



FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON THE
PLANET EARTH, WORKERS WHOSE LIVES
WERE THREATENED BY AUTOMATION
FLUNG THEIR WOODEN SHOES--
CALLED "SABOTS"--INTO THE
MACHINES TO STOP THEM.
HENCE THE WORD "SABOTAGE."



OH, DEAR.
IT SEEMS WE ARE
EXPERIENCING
A TECHNICAL
MALFUNCTION. ALL
BACKUP SYSTEMS
ARE INOPERATIVE.

EXCEL--I MEAN...
TOO BAD.



IT'S AS I
SAID, MR. SPOCK.
INVENTORY STILL
REGISTERS EVERY
TORPEDO.

YET THE DATA
BANKS INSIST
WE FIRED.
ONE COMPUTER
IS LYING.



THEY'VE NAMED
GORKON'S DAUGHTER
CHANCELLOR. IT
WAS ON THE
NEWS.

ANY REPLY
FROM STARFLEET
TO OUR DISPATCH,
LIEUTENANT?



YES, SIR. HOWEVER,
COMMANDER UHURA
HAS BEEN EXPERIENC-
ING TECHNICAL
DIFFICULTIES, SIR.



CURIOUS.

VERY WELL. FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, WE WILL AGREE THAT THIS CONVERSATION DID NOT TAKE PLACE.

A LIE?

AN OMISSION. AFTER THAT--



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM NOW, WE WON'T HAVE A CLUE WHERE THE CAPTAIN IS!



I KNOW PRECISELY WHERE HE'LL BE.



KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!

KIRK!



RENT

THE STATE WILL
SHOW THAT ENTERPRISE
FIRED ON KRONOS ONE
WITHOUT PROVOCATION...

...ISN'T IT A FACT
THAT YOU SERVED
ROMULAN ALE,
AN ILLEGAL
BEVERAGE?

THE
DRINK WAS
SERVED...

AND YOU STILL
MAINTAIN YOUR SHIP
DID NOT FIRE ON
KRONOS ONE?

I PUT IT TO YOU
THAT YOU WERE
SEEKING REVENGE
FOR THE DEATH OF
YOUR SON?

THAT ISN'T
TRUE!

I OFFER INTO
THE RECORD THE
FOLLOWING EXCERPT
FROM CAPTAIN KIRK'S
PERSONAL LOG.
HEAR KIRK'S OWN
VOICE...

"I HAVE NEVER
TRUSTED KLINGONS
AND NEVER WILL. I
HAVE NEVER BEEN
ABLE TO FORGIVE
THEM FOR THE
MURDER OF
MY BOY..."

...ARE
THOSE YOUR
WORDS?

THOSE
WORDS WERE
SPOKEN BY
ME.

DOCTOR MCCOY,
WHAT IS YOUR CURRENT
MEDICAL STATUS?

ASIDE FROM
A TOUCH OF
ARTHRITIS, I'D
SAY PRETTY
GOOD.

I BELIEVE YOU
ALSO CONSUMED
ROMULAN ALE AT THE
OFFICERS' MESS ON
THE NIGHT IN
QUESTION, DOCTOR?

WAS CHANCELLOR
GORKON ALIVE WHEN
YOU FIRST EXAMINED
HIM?

BARELY.

HAVE YOU
SAVED PATIENTS
AS "BARELY"
ALIVE AS HE
WAS?

I DIDN'T HAVE
THE KNOWLEDGE OF
KLINGON ANATOMY
I NEEDED...

YOU WERE INCOMPETENT!
WHETHER DELIBERATELY OR
AS A RESULT OF AGE COMBINED
WITH DRINK, THIS COURT
WILL DETERMINE.

I TRIED TO SAVE
HIM! I WAS DESPERATE
TO SAVE HIM! HE WAS
THE LAST BEST HOPE
IN THE UNIVERSE
FOR REAL PEACE!



YOU WERE DEMOTED FOR INSUBORDINATION.

I HAVE ON OCCASION DISOBEYED ORDERS.

AND WERE YOU OBEYING OR DISOBEYING ORDERS THE NIGHT YOU ARRANGED THE ASSASSINATION OF CHANCELLOR GORKON?



I OBJECT!

I WAS UNAWARE OF THE ASSASSINATION UNTIL I BOARDED HIS SHIP!

YOU DENY THAT YOUR MEN BEAMED ABOARD KRONOS ONE AND SHOT THE CHANCELLOR?

I CANNOT CONFIRM OR DENY ACTIONS WHICH I DID NOT WITNESS.



CAPTAIN KIRK, ARE YOU AWARE THAT UNDER FEDERATION LAW, THE CAPTAIN OF A STARSHIP IS CONSIDERED RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ACTIONS OF HIS MEN?

I AM.

SO IF IT SHOULD PROVE MEMBERS OF YOUR CREW DID IN FACT CARRY OUT SUCH AN ASSASSINATION...



AS CAPTAIN, I AM RESPONSIBLE.

YOUR HONORS, THE STATE RESTS.



IS IT OUR TURN, NOW?

ACCORDING TO KLINGON LAW, BOTH SIDES PRESENT THEIR CASES AT THE SAME TIME-- WE'VE HAD OUR TURN.



IT IS THE JUDGMENT
OF THIS COURT THAT THE
DEFENDANTS ARE GUILTY
AS CHARGED.

IN THE INTERESTS
OF AMITY FOR THE
FORTHCOMING PEACE
TALKS, THE SENTENCE
OF DEATH IS
COMMUTED.

IT IS THE JUDGMENT
OF THIS COURT THAT WITH-
OUT POSSIBILITY OF
REPRIVE OR PAROLE, YOU
BE TAKEN FROM THIS PLACE
TO THE DILITHIUM MINES
ON THE PENAL ASTEROID
ARCHIPELAGO OF RURA
PENTHE...



...THERE TO
SPEND THE REST
OF YOUR NATURAL
LIVES.





IF WE DID NOT
FIRE THOSE TORPEDOES,
THEN SOMEONE ELSE
DID.

THEY DINNA FIRE
THEMSELVES. AND
THERE WERE NO
OTHER SHIPS
PRESENT.

THERE WAS AN
ENORMOUS NEUTRON
ENERGY SURGE...

A NEUTRON SURGE
THAT BIG COULD ONLY
BE PRODUCED BY
ANOTHER SHIP...

VERY NEAR US.
PERHAPS...
UNDERNEATH
US.



A BIRD OF
PREY?

A BIRD OF
PREY.

A BIRD OF PREY
CANNA FIRE WHEN
SHE'S CLOAKED!



ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL,
MR. SCOTT, I WOULD AGREE.
HOWEVER, ALL THINGS ARE
NOT EQUAL. THIS ONE
CAN.

I WANT THIS SHIP
SEARCHED FROM BOW TO
STERN. THE DATA BANKS SAY
WE FIRED. IF WE DID, THE
KILLERS ARE HERE. IF WE DIDN'T,
WHOEVER ALTERED THE DATA
BANKS IS HERE. EITHER WAY,
WHAT WE'RE SEARCHING FOR
HERE IS SOMETHING
STAINED WITH KLINGON
BLOOD. EITHER
UNIFORMS...

OR
GRAVITY
BOOTS.



THIS IS THE
GULAG RURA PENTHE.
OBSERVE: THERE IS NO
STOCKADE, NO GUARD
TOWER, NO ELECTRIFIED
FRONTIER. THEY ARE
NOT NEEDED.



ONLY A MAGNETIC SHIELD
PREVENTS BEAMING. YOUR
NEW HOME IS
UNDERGROUND.



NO!
NOOOO!



PUNISHMENT MEANS
EXILE FROM PRISON TO
THE SURFACE. ON THE
SURFACE, NOTHING
CAN SURVIVE.



BELOW NO ONE CAN ESCAPE.
WORK WELL, AND YOU WILL BE
TREATED WELL. WORK BADLY
AND YOU WILL DIE.



QUOG WOK NA
PUSHNAT!

PARDON?



QUOG WOK NA
PUSHNAT!

HE WANTS
YOUR OBEDIENCE
TO THE BROTHERHOOD
OF ALIENS.

HE'S
GOT IT!



WHAT'S THE
BROTHERHOOD
OF ALIENS?

PRISONERS FROM
OUTSIDE THE KLINGON
SYSTEM. THEY TEND
TO BAND
TOGETHER. I'M
MARTIA.



YOU'RE KIRK AND
MCCOY.

HOW DID YOU
KNOW...?

WE DON'T
GET MANY
ASSASSINS.

WE
DIDN'T
KILL
GORKON.



OH, OF
COURSE
NOT.



ANY
PROGRESS?

I'VE PULLED OUT MY, UH,
WOODEN SHOE AND STARFLEET
IS SCREAMING FOR US TO
RETURN TO PORT.

MR. SCOTT,
ANY PROGRESS
ON REPAIRING
OUR WARP
DRIVE?

THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG WITH
THE BLOODY--

MR. SCOTT, IF WE RETURN TO
SPACEDOCK, THE ASSASSINS WILL
MANAGE TO DISPOSE OF THE
INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE
AND WE WILL NEVER SEE
THE CAPTAIN OR DOCTOR
MCCOY AGAIN.

COULD TAKE
WEEKS, SIR.

THANK YOU, MR.
SCOTT.

COMMANDER
UHURA, INFORM
STARFLEET OUR
WARP DRIVE IS
INOPERATIVE.

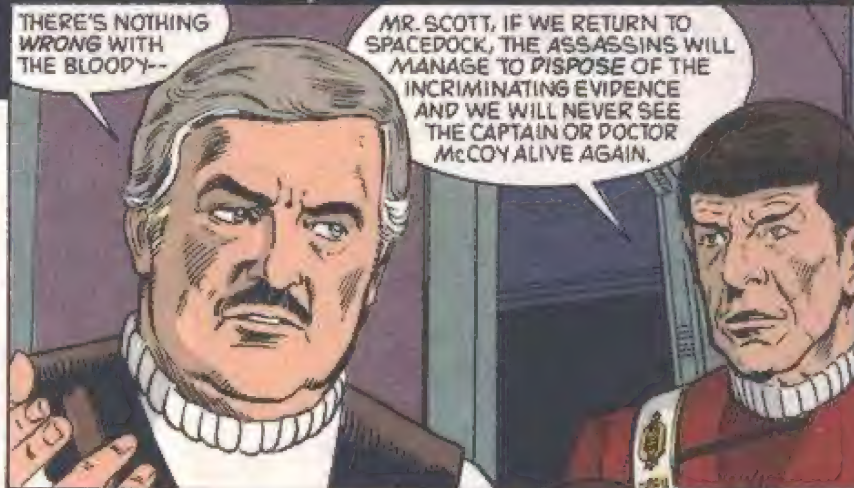
A LIE?
AN
ERROR.

YOU UNDERSTAND THAT
WE HAVE LOST ALL CONTACT
WITH THE CAPTAIN
AND DOCTOR
MCCOY?

AT PRESENT THEY ARE SURROUNDED
BY A MAGNETIC SHIELD. IF MY
CALCULATIONS ARE CORRECT,
THE CAPTAIN SHOULD
BE DEEP INTO
HIS ESCAPE
PLANNING BY
THIS TIME.

NONE. SURELY THEY'VE
DISPOSED OF THOSE
BOOTS BY NOW. WOULDN'T
IT HAVE BEEN LOGICAL
TO LEAVE THEM ON
GORKON'S SHIP?

EVEN LOGIC MUST GIVE WAY
TO PHYSICS. GRAVITY HADN'T
BEEN RESTORED BY THE
TIME THEY ESCAPED. WITHOUT
THEIR BOOTS THEY WOULD
NOT HAVE STAYED ON
THE KLINGON TRANSPORTER
PADS.







YOU OKAY?

THEY'LL RESPECT YOU NOW.

THAT'S A COMFORT. I WAS LUCKY THAT THING HAD KNEES!



THAT'S NOT HIS KNEE.

NOT EVERYBODY KEEPS THEIR GENITALS IN THE SAME PLACE, CAPTAIN.



IS THAT YOUR WAY OF TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING?



BONES, WHY DON'T YOU SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR HIM? LET HIM KNOW WE'RE NOT HOLDING A GRUDGE.

SUPPOSE HE'S HOLDING A GRUDGE?



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET OUT OF HERE...?











I CAN'T...

COME ON! KEEP MOVING!

WE'RE AT THE EDGE OF THE SHIELD!



JIM, LEAVE ME... I'M FINISHED.

NO WAY. I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU--

--SPOCK SLAPPED A VIRIDIUM PATCH ON MY BACK RIGHT BEFORE WE WENT ABOARD GORKON'S SHIP.



THAT CUNNING LITTLE VULCAN!

ONCE WE'RE BEYOND THE SHIELD THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK IT UP TWO SECTORS AWAY.

WE'RE ALMOST THERE. ONCE WE'RE OUTSIDE...



"...WE'LL MAKE CAMP."

WOULD YOU MIND EXPLAINING THAT LITTLE TRICK YOU DO?

I'M A CHAMELOID. THAT'S WHY WE'RE SUCH GOOD SMUGGLERS.

I DON'T WONDER. STOP ME IF I'M WRONG, BUT DO WE REALLY HAVE ANY WAY OF KNOWING IF THIS IS THE REAL YOU?



I THOUGHT I WOULD ASSUME A PLEASING SHAPE.

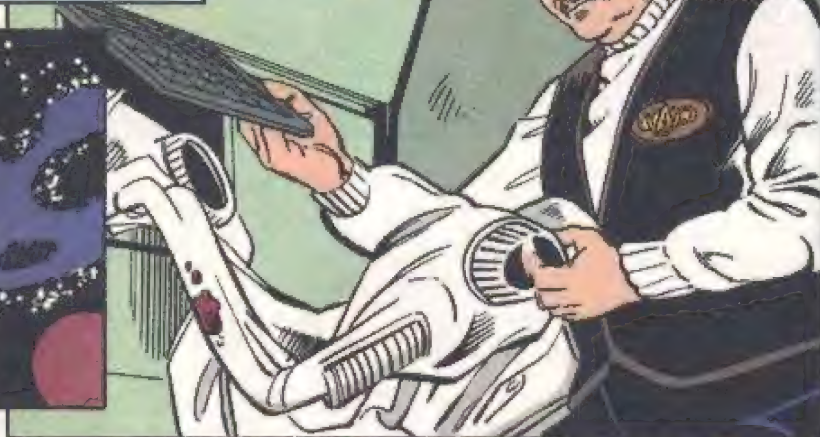
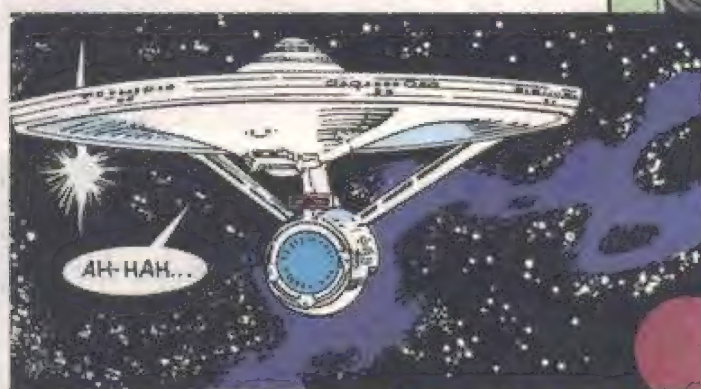
WE'RE OUTSIDE THE SHIELD. NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, KIRK.

IF YOU SAY SO.



CHOK!







ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME YOU BECAME SOMETHING ELSE?

I LIKE IT HERE...

JIM! COMPANY!

WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG?



KILL HIM! HE'S THE ONE!



NOT ME, IDIOT! HIM!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I'M GOING TO KILL BOTH OF YOU ANYWAY. NO WITNESSES.



DAMNED CLEVER IF YOU ASK ME.

KILLED TRYING TO ESCAPE. IT'S A CLASSIC.



THAT'S WHAT HE WANTED...

WHO? WHO WANTS US KILLED?

WHY NOT TELL YOU? HIS NAME IS--





MY GOD! THAT'S
BURKE AND SAMNO!



BUT...
THE UNIFORMS!
THEY BELONGED
TO THESE TWO MEN!

NOT ANY
MORE.



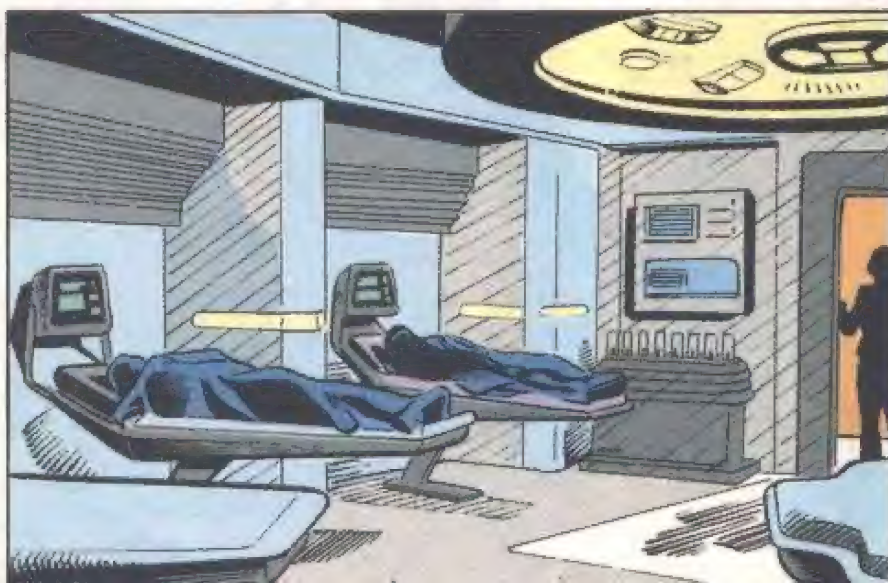
FIRST RULE OF
ASSASSINATION:
ALWAYS KILL
THE ASSASSINS.

NOW
WE'RE BACK
TO SQUARE
ONE.

MAYBE
NOT.



ATTENTION, CAPTAIN KIRK TO
SICKBAY. YEOMEN BURKE AND
SAMNO HAVE BEEN SHOT AND
WISH TO MAKE STATEMENTS.
CODE BLUE URGENT. DEPOSITION
REQUIRED AT ONCE FOR
YEOMEN BURKE AND SAMNO.
WOUNDS ARE SERIOUS.



U.S.S.



YOU
HAVE TO
SHOOT...

...IF YOU ARE
LOGICAL.



I DO
NOT WANT
TO.

I BELIEVE YOU,
BUT WHAT YOU WANT
IS IRRELEVANT. WHAT
YOU HAVE CHOSEN
IS AT HAND.



LET'S NOT WASTE TIME,
LIEUTENANT. NAME YOUR
CO-CONSPIRATORS AND
GIVE US THE
LOCATION OF THE
PEACE CONFERENCE.

YOU
CANNOT
PROVE
ANYTHING

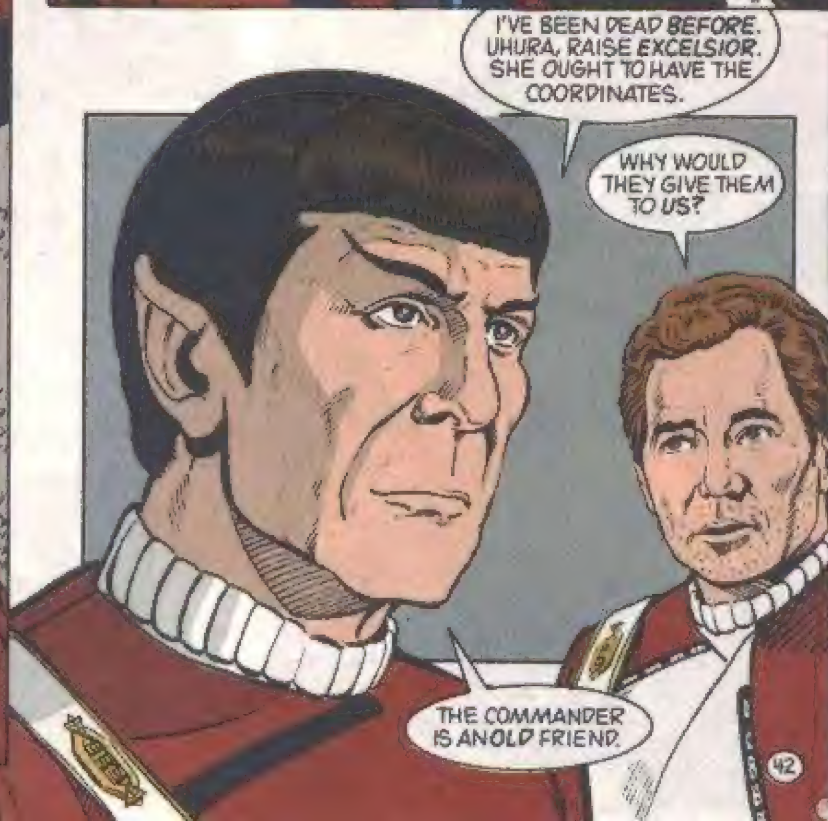


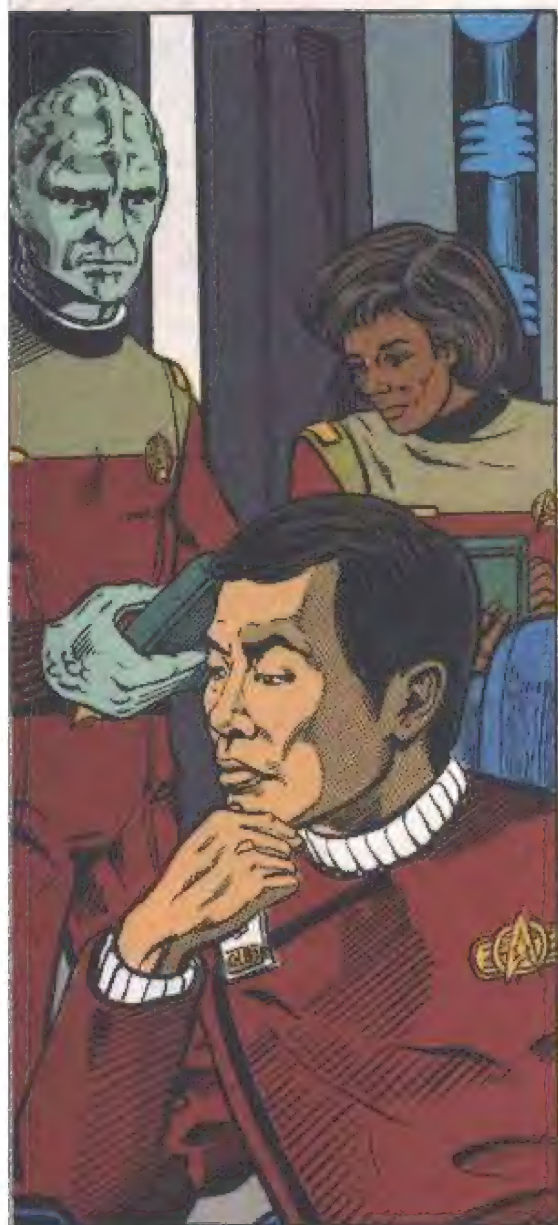
YES I CAN. AT MY TRIAL MY PERSONAL
LOG WAS INTRODUCED AS EVIDENCE
AGAINST ME. HOW LONG DID YOU
STAND OUTSIDE MY QUARTERS
BEFORE YOU COUGHED,
LIEUTENANT?

YOU HAVE
BETRAYED THE
FEDERATION.
ALL OF YOU.

KLINGONS CANNOT
BE TRUSTED, SIR, YOU
SAID SO YOURSELF.
THEY KILLED YOUR
SON. YOU WOULD MAKE
PEACE WITH THEM?
AND I WILL TELL YOU
THIS...THEY CONSPIRED
WITH US TO
ASSASSINATE THEIR
OWN CHANCELLOR.
HOW TRUSTWORTHY
CAN THEY BE?

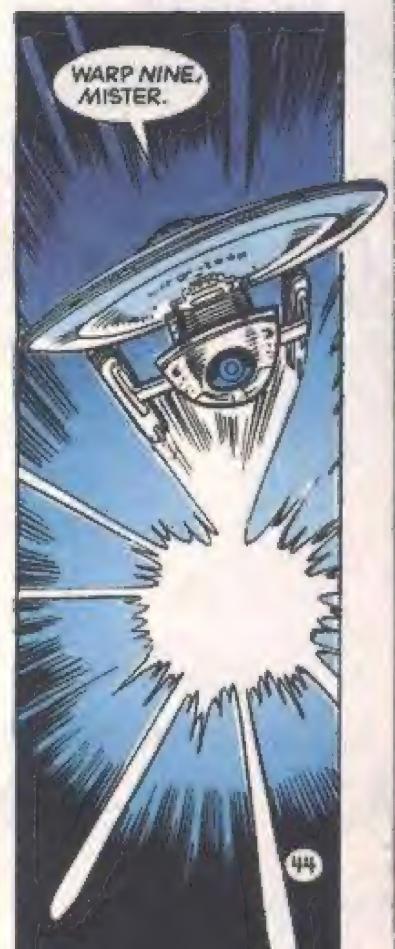






I'M AFRAID WE MAY NEED MORE THAN THAT. THERE'S A BIRD OF PREY ON THE LOOKOUT FOR US. AND SHE CAN FIRE WHILE SHE'S CLOAKED!







SPOCK?
ARE YOU
HERE? I
CAN'T
SEE A
DAMNED
TH--

I'D
PREFER IT
DARK.



ARE YOU DINING
ON ASHES?

YOU WERE
CORRECT. IT WAS
ARROGANT
PRESUMPTION
THAT GOT US INTO
THIS SITUATION.
YOU MIGHT
HAVE DIED.

THE NIGHT IS
YOUNG. ANYWAY, YOU
SAID IT YOURSELF.
IT WAS LOGICAL.



YOU KNOW, YOU'RE A GREAT
ONE FOR LOGIC. I'M A GREAT
ONE FOR...RUSHING IN WHERE
ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD. WE'RE
BOTH EXTREMISTS. REALITY
IS PROBABLY SOMEWHERE
IN BETWEEN US.

I COULDN'T SEE PAST THE
DEATH OF MY SON. WHO WILL
I BE IF I HAVE NO
ENEMY? GORKON
HAD TO DIE
BEFORE I
UNDERSTOOD
HOW
PREJUDICED
I WAS. I
COULDN'T...
TRUST.



I TRUSTED TOO MUCH.
I WAS PREJUDICED BY HER
ACHIEVEMENTS AS A
VULCAN...

SPOCK, DON'T CRUCIFY
YOURSELF. YOU WEREN'T
RESPONSIBLE FOR
ANY ACTIONS BUT
YOUR OWN.

...THAT'S NOT
WHAT YOU SAID AT
YOUR TRIAL.

AS CAPTAIN
THAT'S DIFFERENT.
HUMAN
BEINGS...

BUT I AM NOT
HUMAN.




SPOCK, YOU
WANT TO KNOW
SOMETHING?
EVERYONE'S
HUMAN.

YOU
INSULT
ME...

...RACIST.

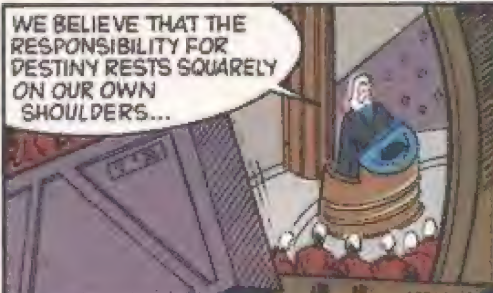
VULCAN.

COME ON.
I NEED
YOU!




MADAME CHANCELLOR, MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS, HONORED GUESTS: THE UNITED FEDERATION OF PLANETS WELCOMES YOU TO CAMP KHITOMER. NOW THAT WE ARE ASSEMBLED, I MOVE WE CONCLUDE THESE CEREMONIES AND GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. MADAME CHANCELLOR?


AGREED.



WE BELIEVE THAT THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR DESTINY RESTS SQUARELY ON OUR OWN SHOULDERS...




SHE'S HERE... SOMEWHERE... BUT IF SHE'S CLOAKED...



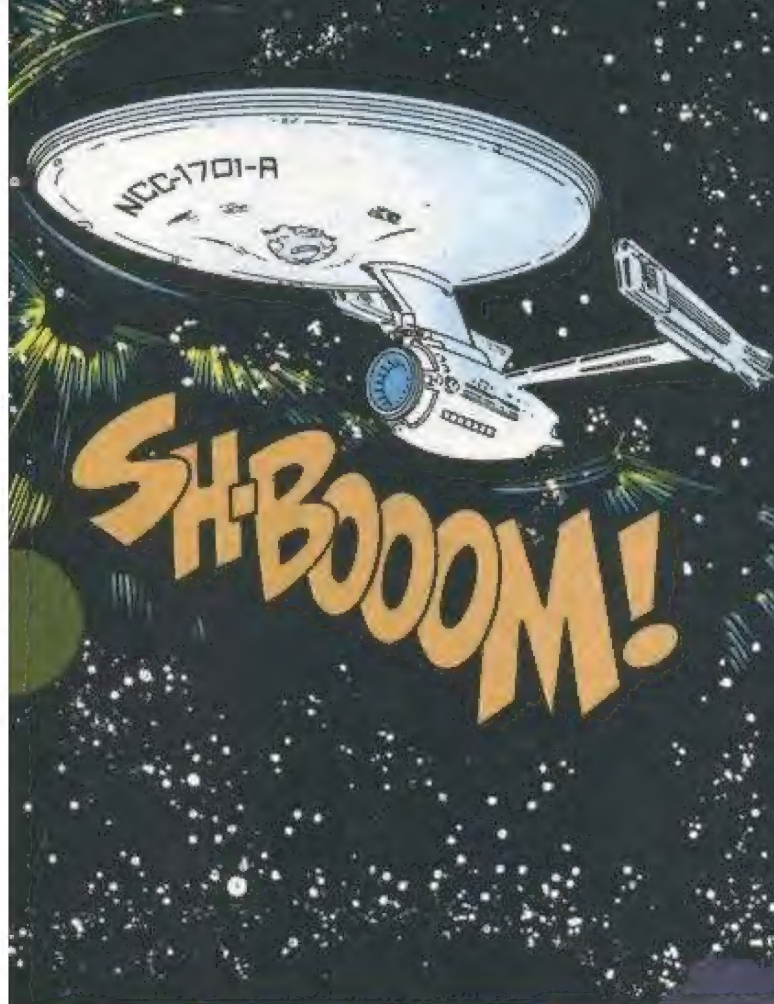
CAPTAIN, PERHAPS WE ARE GOING ABOUT THIS THE WRONG WAY. OUR JOB IS TO GET TO THE CONFERENCE. HER JOB WILL BE TO STOP US.

MAKE OURSELVES A TARGET?

SHIELDS. BATTLE STATIONS.



MR. CHEKOV, TAKE US FORWARD. THRUSTERS ONLY, ONE HALF IMPULSE.



SH-BOOOM!



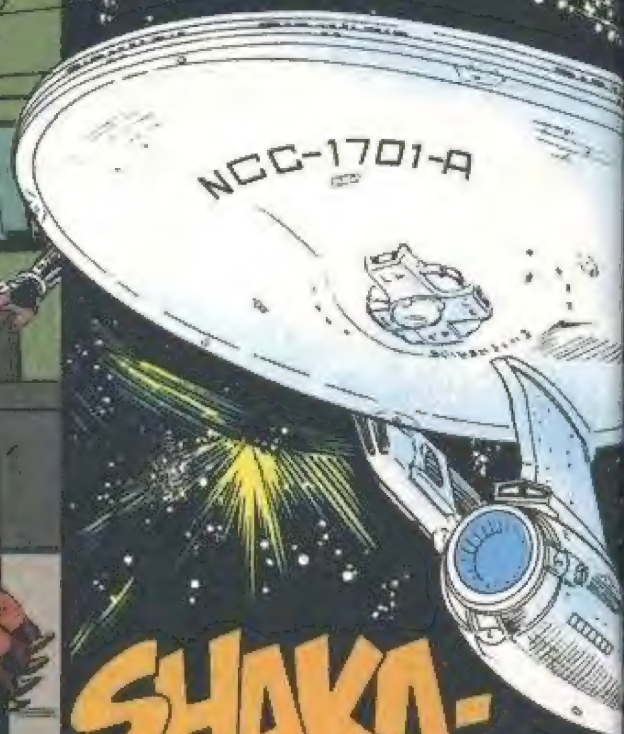
I SEE YOU, KIRK.

CHANG...!

BE HONEST, CAPTAIN, WARRIOR TO WARRIOR. DON'T YOU PREFER IT THIS WAY--



--AS IT WAS MEANT TO BE? NO PEACE IN OUR TIME. 'ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH, DEAR FRIENDS..."



SHAKA-BOOOM!

MANY PEOPLE SPECULATED ABOUT MY FATHER'S MOTIVES. THERE WERE THOSE WHO SAID HE WAS AN IDEALIST; OTHERS SAID HE HAD NO CHOICE. GREAT MEN ARE SELDOM GOOD MEN. THE TRUTH IS, MY FATHER WAS BOTH A PRAGMATIST AND AN IDEALIST.

WE ARE A PROUD RACE. WE ARE HERE BECAUSE WE INTEND TO GO ON BEING PROUD. IF WE CANNOT MAKE WAR, WE WILL MAKE PEACE.

AHEAD FULL IMPULSE!

AFTER HER!

POOR THING. "IF YOU HAVE TEARS, PREPARE TO SHED THEM NOW."

IT'S A PITY STARSHIPS WERE NEVER EQUIPPED WITH BLOODHOUNDS.

UNDER IMPULSE POWER SHE EXPENDS FUEL LIKE ANY OTHER SHIP. IONIZED GAS.

AND TRACEABLE.



WOULD YOU CARE TO ASSIST ME IN PERFORMING SURGERY ON A TORPEDO, DOCTOR?

FASCINATING.



MR. CHEKOV, SLOW DOWN. TAKE US FORWARD, THRUSTERS ONLY, ONE QUARTER IMPULSE.



CAPTAIN, SHE'S PACKING QUITE A WALLOP! SHIELDS WEAKENING!



SHIELDS UP. TELL THEM THE CAVALRY'S HERE.



SO! THE
GAME'S AFOOT!
CRY HAVOC AND
LET SLIP THE
DOGS OF WAR!



HOLD US
STEADY, MR.
SCOTT. READY
TO FIRE...

... BONES!
HAVE YOU GOT
THAT HEAT SENSOR
ATTACHED YET?!



BONES,
WHERE'S MY
TORPEDO?!

ME AND
MY BIG
MOUTH.

CALM YOURSELF,
DOCTOR. THE OPERATION
IS ALMOST
COMPLETE.



THANK YOU,
NURSE. JIM,
SHE'S READY!
LOCK AND
LOAD!



PITY THEY'RE RETIRING
US JUST AS I WAS STARTING
TO UNDERSTAND YOU,
SPOCK.

WE WERE
BEGINNING TO
HIT OUR STRIDE
TOGETHER,
DOCTOR.

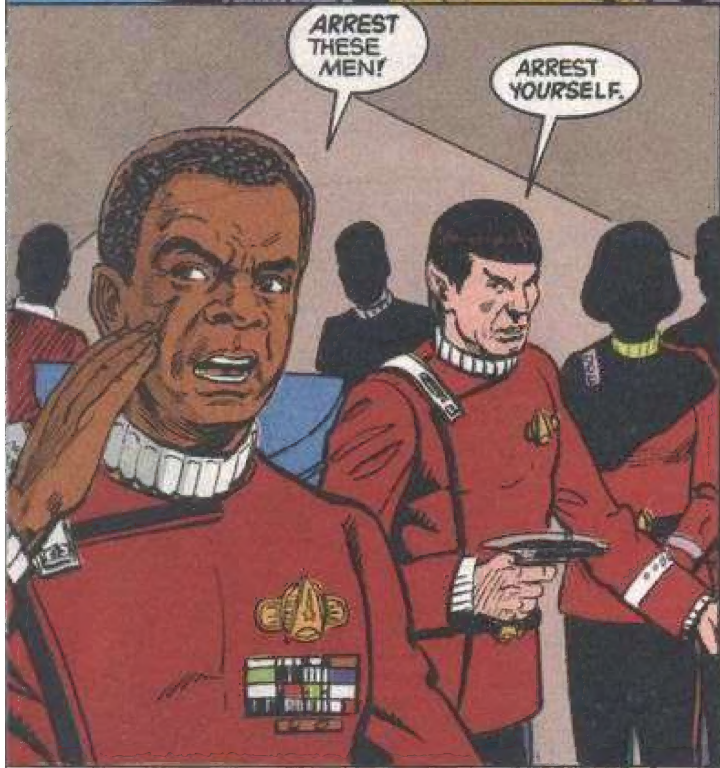
FIRE!

FWOOOSH!

...OR
NOT TO
BE...

SHWA-BLAMM!



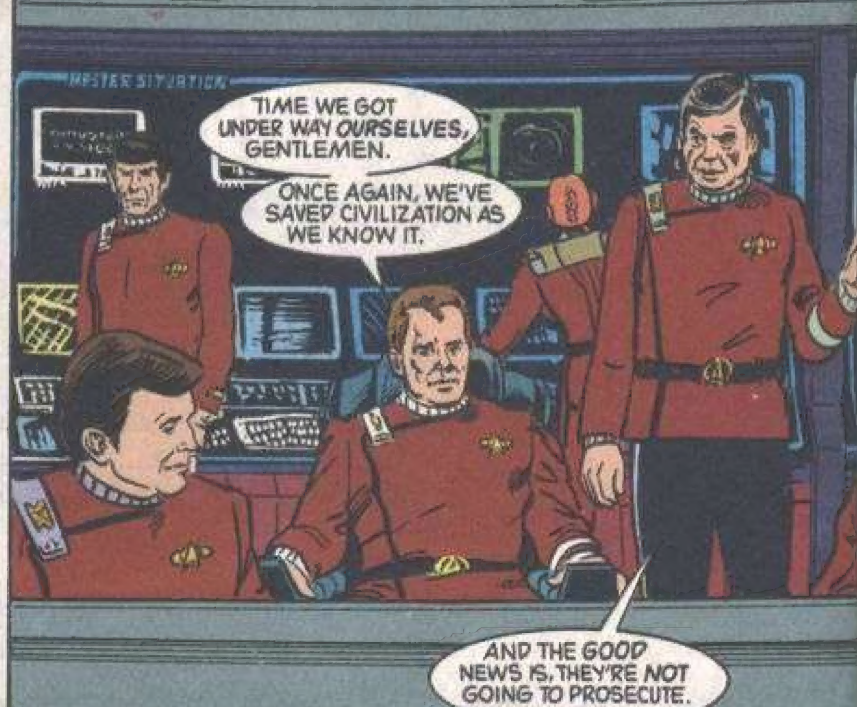






AS MUCH TO THE CREW OF ENTERPRISE, I OWE YOU MY THANKS, CAPTAIN SULL.

NICE TO SEE YOU IN ACTION ONE MORE TIME, CAPTAIN KIRK. TAKE CARE.



TIME WE GOT UNDER WAY OURSELVES, GENTLEMEN.

ONCE AGAIN, WE'VE SAVED CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT.

AND THE GOOD NEWS IS, THEY'RE NOT GOING TO PROSECUTE.



SO... THIS IS GOOD-BYE...?



WE'VE BEEN DEAD BEFORE.



TO BE--

OR NOT TO BE--

THAT IS THE QUESTION.



COURSE HEADING, KEPTIN?

SECOND STAR ON THE RIGHT, AND STRAIGHT ON 'TIL MORNING.

"CAPTAIN'S LOG, STARDATE 9529.1 THIS IS THE FINAL CRUISE OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE UNDER MY COMMAND. THIS SHIP, AND HER HISTORY, WILL SHORTLY BECOME THE CARE OF A NEW GENERATION...

"...TO THEM AND THEIR POSTERITY WILL WE COMMIT OUR FUTURE. THEY WILL CONTINUE THE VOYAGES WE HAVE BEGUN AND JOURNEY TO ALL THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRIES, BOLDLY GOING WHERE NO MAN... WHERE NO ONE... HAS GONE BEFORE..."



THE END

BRUCE WILLIS DAMON WAYANS

They're two
fallen heroes
up against the
gambling syndicate
in pro sports.
Everyone had
counted them out.
But they're about
to get back
in the game.

THE LAST **BOY SCOUT**

The goal is to survive.

GEFFEN PICTURES PRESENTS A SILVER PICTURES PRODUCTION A TONY SCOTT FILM
BRUCE WILLIS * DAMON WAYANS * "THE LAST BOY SCOUT" * CHELSEA FIELD *
NOBLE WILLINGHAM * TAYLOR NEGRON * DANIELLE HARRIS MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY MICHAEL KAMEN
FILM EDITORS MARK GOLDBLATT, ACE. MARK HELFRICH PRODUCTION DESIGNER BRIAN MORRIS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WARD RUSSELL
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SHANE BLACK AND BARRY JOSEPHSON STORY BY SHANE BLACK & GREG HICKS
SCREENPLAY BY SHANE BLACK PRODUCED BY JOEL SILVER AND MICHAEL LEVY DIRECTED BY TONY SCOTT



RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN



A GEFEN PICTURES RELEASE
DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.
& THE WOLFE COMPANY
©1991 Warner Bros. Inc. All Rights Reserved



OPENS DECEMBER 13TH EVERYWHERE